The

COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs

FOUNDED BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

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On the Feast of Christ the King

INTERPRETATION of the encyclical will go on a long time, first, perhaps, with selfish political intentions, and with renewed vigor, if there is to be hope, when the next post-war settlement is faced. The encyclical is harder to summarize than a reader might think, first glancing at its highly formalized wording and style, but in the center of the document three points are given most powerful emphasis. "Before all else, it is certain that the radical and ultimate cause of the evils which we deplore in modern society is the denial and rejection of a universal norm of morality as well for individual and social life as for international relations." No race or nation is excluded from this, and no "reason of state" is allowed to override it. "In our days dissensions come not only from the surge of rebellious passion, but also from a deep spiritual crisis which has overthrown the sound principles of private and public morality." Among other things listed, this lack of cohesion and identity brings "the intense pessimism of today." People don't agree on what is a good aim. A purpose or action which one person believes good, another calls bad.

The Letter Of Pius XII

From this bewilderment, from this "poisoned source of religious and moral agnosticism," His Holiness draws attention to two results:

> The first of these pernicious errors, widespread today, is the forgetfulness of that law of human solidarity and charity which is dictated and imposed by our common origin and by the equality of rational nature in all men, to whatever people they belong, and by the redeeming sacrifice offered by Jesus Christ. . . .
>
> Yet another . . . is the error contained in those ideas which do not hesitate to divorce civil authority from every kind of dependence upon the Supreme Being—first cause and absolute master of man and of society—and from every restraint of a higher law derived from God as from its first source. They thus accord the civil authority an unrestricted field of action that is at the mercy of the changeful tide of human will, or of the dictates of casual historical claims, and of the interests of a few.

Allowing great latitude for state action, the Pope still flatly—very flatly—condemns totalitarianism. And considering these things and many more, he asks, "Will that future be really different, above all, will it be better? . . . To hope for a decisive change exclusively from the shock of war and its final issue is idle, as experience shows. . . . If it is to have any effect, the re-education of mankind must be, above all things, spiritual and religious."

The Pope Consecrates 12 Bishops

THERE IS something strikingly significant in the fact that two days after issuing his encyclical on the evils of totalitarianism Pius XII should have consecrated twelve missionary bishops at St. Peter's. The nationalities of the bishops alone point to the supra-national, universal character of the Church. One was a negro from Uganda, another a colored native of Madagascar; two were Americans and there were one each from Belgium, China, France, Germany, India, Ireland, Italy and the Netherlands. Their mission fields include the Belgian Congo, the Dutch East Indies, South Africa, Madagascar, China and India. The interests of the Holy See can never be exclusively identified with any one nation or group of nations. It is obvious that the Pope speaks for men of every race and clime, for men on both sides of the battle lines, for families living under every form of government. At the consecration Pius XII eloquently appealed to all those who profess the name of Christians for a common effort toward the Christian goals of "holiness and grace, of justice, love and peace."

A Symbol for the Times

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Duplessis, Godbout & Gouin

THE MOST IMPORTANT political issue in Canada since the declaration of war has been settled with emphasis. The prevailing pro-war sentiment of French Canadians was reported in these pages some weeks ago; it has now been demonstrated in the results of a provincial election held last week in Quebec. The then premier of the province, Maurice Duplessis, had come into power on a wave of popular resentment against the graft and abuses that had crept in after thirty-nine years of Liberal dominance. He did not need an election this fall, but his resentment at the war policies of the (Liberal) Federal Government, even after categorical assurances had been given that conscription would not be imposed, together with a hope of gaining greater political advantage, led him to call for an election. The principal issue was clear: Duplessis wished Canada to participate even less in the war than was indicated by the actions of the Mackenzie King Government. Godbout, Liberal Party leader, wished full accord with the Government's policy. Gouin, formerly a Liberal, now an independent, wanted no participation. Godbout and the war won by a victory almost as overwhelming as that which put Duplessis in power three years ago. Gouin was utterly defeated. French Canadian sentiment in 1939 is the complete reverse of what it was in 1914-1918.

1939 Not 1914

Very Quiet on the Western Front

WE ARE NOW being consistently instructed by our best-informed commentators that this is a defensive war. Speaking for ourselves, it is more than all right with us; but we have a minor complaint to make. We feel that popular balladry and jokesmithery are—contrary to their usual practice—falling behind in their functioning. Normally, these two departments of creative activity are as miraculously sensitive to tendencies as feathers in the wind: they catch and fix the character of events, especially upon their anomalous side, far ahead of the general consciousness. It is hard to explain their lag in dealing with the news that comes from the West Front. War correspondents take taxis from the French sector into the German sector. The Germans are completing a segment of the Siegfried Line that is right under the noses of the entrenched French troops, who watch them with detached interest. The French toss messages into the German encampment requesting translations of Herr Hitler's latest speech, or even dance (according to a Berlin-released news film) to the tune of German accordions. All of this is a definite reversion to those rules of warfare which Napoleon not only conquered, but shocked, Europe by breaking. We are for the rules, but we repeat, where are the jokes? where the songs? There was one jape, in Great Britain, about the flying captain rebuked by his superior for throwing out his leaflets in lots: "You might have hurt a German soldier!" But we await that full crop of popular expressions that make these things widely intelligible.

Note on a Lag

Spending a Dollar

FOR SOME YEARS the Department of Labor has been interested in how people spend their money, in the hope of defending the thesis that higher pay means more business for sellers of goods and services and hence is basically a good thing. With that very few will quarrel. The Bureau of Labor Statistics has just made public the results of an elaborate survey showing how workers in various income brackets spend the contents of their pay envelopes. Nearly 15,000 families of employed wage earners cooperated by supplying the Bureau with the information it needed. One of the most interesting results of the survey is the fact that, as income rises, the proportionate expenditure on rent, food, clothing—the necessities—remains more nearly constant than one would, *a priori,* expect. In the lowest income group studied ($500 to $600 a year), the necessities took 66.2 percent; in the highest group ($3,000 and over) these same necessities consumed 58.7 percent. The biggest differentials were in transportation (the better-off have cars), clothing (the richer buy for looks as well as use), fuel, light and refrigeration (the poorer need almost as much as the richer; hence spend a greater percentage of income here), and—naturally enough—charity. From this a conclusion emerges that the living standards of the worst paid workers are so low that their incomes can be multiplied five or six times without their feeling able to spend much more proportionately on nonessentials. Some families can live on $260 worth of food a year; those with better incomes spend $1,000 or more on this same item. All the more reason, this, for advocating higher wages as a solution for "overproduction."

The More You Have

Cheap Housing Going Ahead

DURING THE PAST YEAR the federal government worked harder on the housing problem than ever before, and it is especially encouraging to have some of the results announced at this particular time. The United States Housing Authority, which is working on a program of rehousing 160,000 low-income city families at a cost of $770,000,000, already

Farm and City Together

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has finished or in process 298 projects, costing $522,633,000. Sixty-year government loans defray 90 percent of the cost. Administrator Straus has a new plan for saving money during the construction period. Under the statute, the USHA has been charging from 3 to 3½ percent interest on the money loaned to local authorities from the very beginning of each project. Now the USHA wants the local authorities to borrow from private sources for the first six months' period, giving Temporary Loan Notes which the USHA guarantees to pay off at the end of that time. On a competitive basis, this money could be obtained for something less than 1 percent, so the saving during construction months would be substantial. Administrator Straus also feels "this temporary small-scale financing will proceed inevitably to permanent large-scale financing of public housing projects with private funds."

In the country, the Farm Security Administration has worked out amazing plans for small homes. The FSA anounces that "last year more than 1,600 farm houses were planned to be built at an average cost of about $1,300." *Business Week* says contracts have now been let for 2,784 homes at an average cost of $1,474. Cotton covered houses have been built on an experimental basis for $1,350; fourteen steel houses cost from $1,695 to $2,284. Rammed earth construction was tried but did not work so well. Adobe has been used with great success in Arizona, and the standard type of frame house most used throughout the country has cost from $1,100. Cumulative experience and a year's hard work have yielded results. The country should not feel paralyzed in face of its most striking physical challenge.

Pan-American Business Hopes

NO PICTURE of the 400 percent increase in our Latin American business during the last war is complete without the aftermath of defaulted bonds, some complete, some partial. The 667 complete defaults on South American dollar bonds represent 70 percent of the amount invested; the 24 similar defaults in Central America comprise 91.5 percent of the investment there. Such is the background for the difficulties attending strenuous efforts here to build up Latin-American trade. If this sorry process is not to be repeated it would seem that two developments are essential. The United States must increase its purchases of Latin-American goods more than the expected increase in sales of our exports below the Rio Grande. This would mean that little or no increase could be registered or expected with lands such as Argentina and Uruguay, whose chief products are plentiful in the United States; only three or four-cornered trade would provide a solution in their case. We should concentrate our efforts on countries such as Brazil with its coffee, manganese and rubber, Bolivia with its oil, rubber and tin and Chile with its copper and nitrates. Foreign exchange is the other obstacle to more fruitful long-range trade relations. Unless we are willing to give as generous credit terms as Britain and other European nations and unless we give as much in our products for those of Latin America, we cannot expect a permanent increase in those markets. Too many financial middle men make it more difficult for us to offer bargains in a competitive market. In the end trade by barter may prove to be a real way out.

Where and How

The Children's Hour

THERE is no moral to this paragraph. That children are as restless as bees, as destructive as bombs and as hard to manage in a group as buffalo, is already too well known to require underlining here —even if, as seems doubtful, it could be called a moral. We merely purpose to salute, in passing, the courage of the World of Tomorrow, in falling in last week with Mayor La Guardia's suggestion that before it closed the Fair should be made available to all New York school children. It was thereupon made available: the Independent Subway offered them the round trip for a nickel; the Fair authorities promised them admission for a nickel; and on a stipulated day, the parochial and public schools of the Greater City dismissed a section of them in the upper grades and high schools. The children gathered from the four winds of the Five Boroughs. The subways bulged with them. The Fair gates sagged under their assault, and had to be swung wide to keep hundreds from being crushed to death. Thereupon, incidentally, count was lost of this extraordinary Children's Crusade; close to a quarter of a million paid their nickel apiece, but thousands untold and forever untellable came in free. Once inside, they kept it up till nightfall: cleaned out all the booths that gave samples away; practically tore apart an old clipper ship on exhibit; smashed everything smashable, climbed everything climable; wrote their names imperishably with jack-knives and lipsticks on everything reachable, from the bottom curves of the perisphere to the sculptured feet of the Father of His Country. Extra police squads and radio cars evidently availed but little. Somewhere on the furious wind the words of School Superintendent Dr. Harold Campbell, praising their decorum, were caught up and whirled away. The outer shell of the Fair remained only because night at last mercifully fell, and the little ones had to go home. If any Fair official from now on happens to hear recited the tender classic about "the pause in the day's occupation known as the children's hour," what sardonic associations will arise in his mind!

All for a Nickel

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Labor and Violence

An analysis of the causes of violence and of its effects, with a suggestion or two for the remedy.

By John C. Cort

ABOUT 100 pickets walk slowly up and down before the gates of the American Manufacturing Company. They are quiet and orderly, but an air of tension hangs about them, as though they are expecting something to happen.

Suddenly one of them yells, "Here they come!" Around the corner, under a heavy escort of police, advances a crowd of men, most of them scared, but all determined to break through the picket-line and go to work in the factory.

The pickets begin to shout, "Sca-a-ab! Sca-a-ab! Dirty rats! Lousy strikebreakers!" And names less printable. The picket-line breaks through the restraining line of police, and the strikers crowd toward the gate, trying to block the way.

A striker yells, "Them guys are takin' our jobs. Let's get the rats! Stop 'em!" He throws a rock; other pickets start clubbing at the scabs with their picket-signs; fist-fights develop on all sides; the cops turn on the strikers with their clubs—and a typical strike riot is under way.

This type of situation probably covers a majority of incidents marked by labor violence since the advent of factories, unions and strikes. But though the responsibility in this case seems offhand to rest solidly with the strikers, a little analysis of all factors in the situation presents a different picture.

In the first place, it is quite likely that our imaginary strike would never have been called at all if the men responsible for the policy of the American Manufacturing Company had recognized the workers' rights to their own union, to real collective bargaining, to decent wages, hours and conditions of work.

An indication of how many strikes, with their attendant violence, might have been avoided is contained in the report that in 1937, the CIO's big year, over 60 percent of *all strikes* in America were called because the employers involved would not so much as recognize unions chosen by a majority of their employees. We certainly cannot clear these "captains of industry" of all blame for any violence that took place in those strikes.

Another thing to remember is that in many cases the striker who starts the riot, the man who first yells, "Let's get the rats!" is a labor spy hired by the employer. Since the spy's job depends on the existence of trouble, it is naturally to his interest to create trouble where none exists and to prolong it where others have created. (See testimony on labor spies before La Follette Civil Liberties Committee for proof of this.)

Finally, we cannot entirely absolve the scabs and strikebreakers of responsibility, since they wrongly take the jobs of men who had put years of their life into those jobs and who depend upon them to support wives and children. However, it is only fair to note that in these days of ever-dwindling opportunity many of the scabs are themselves driven by the cruelest sort of necessity.

But if we admit that labor must shoulder the *primary* responsibility for most of the acts of violence arising from this type of situation, does this complete the picture? Hasn't there been plenty of "rough stuff" of which the employers were prime movers? The answer is a long and loud affirmative.

Taking the Reds for a ride

A common practice in many "open shop" towns —still frequent, but especially so before the days of the Wagner Act—is the jolly custom of "taking the Reds for a ride." The definition of a Red is, of course, any outside union organizer and, in many cases, any worker who stands out as a leader in urging his fellows to join an outside union or to strike for higher wages, shorter hours, etc. To "take for a ride" usually means to beat into unconsciousness, and frequently involves murder, tar and feathers, forcible ejection from the community and other niceties of social ostracism.

Those who "take for a ride" are plant foremen, promotion-seeking employees (usually called "loyal workers"), company police or service men, professional union-busters from detective agencies ("finks"), deputy sheriffs, regular police, vigilante committees, American Legionnaires, and so on. Different as these groups may seem, they all have one important thing in common. They all represent the employer, and if the employer did not want them to act, and in most cases pay them for acting, they would never dream of acting. For all the vile deeds they have committed over the course of the years, American employers must, at any rate, take almost complete responsibility.

Famous cases of this sort in recent years are: the brutal beating of Dick Frankensteen, CIO organizer, by Ford "service men" in May, 1937, while Dearborn police stood by and watched; the

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near-murder of organizer Blaine Owen in 1935 by agents of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company (subsidiary of US Steel); the beating of Sherman Dalrymple, president of the CIO's Rubber Workers, in Gadsden, Alabama, by agents of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company. (Note that these are all prominent companies, established leaders of American industry, the type that like to say, "Of *course* we believe in collective bargaining.")

Another type of labor violence attributable to employers is the organized raid or attack on strikers with intent to demoralize, thereby breaking up the strike. In many cases picket violence supplies a partial excuse for such raids. Notable examples of this tactic are the Homestead Strike of 1892, in which Henry Frick hired several hundred Pinkertons to mow down the striking employees of Carnegie Steel; the Ludlow Massacre of 1916, by which the Rockefeller interests broke the strike of their Colorado miners, and the Toledo strike of 1934, wherein agents of the Auto-Lite Company clubbed, shot and tear-gassed striking members of the Auto Workers Union.

Our American employers have probably grown less crude over the years, but it is surprising how few of them have changed underneath that surface polish. And it is even more surprising that they cling to a labor policy that is not only calculated to produce the maximum amount of violence, bloodshed and bitterness, but is thereby the most perfect kind of fuel for the communist fire. Can it be that they are counting on a fascist redeemer to save them from such a conflagration?

Having established the fact that American capitalists can by no means enter court with clean hands on the question of labor violence, let us return to the other side of the fence. We are not interested in the activities of labor racketeers, who are for the most part purely criminal types belonging behind bars and who are going behind bars in increasing numbers. But we *are* interested in the fairly common situation described at the beginning of this article, in which strikers attack scabs or non-union workers out of the fear that the latter will break the strike, destroy their union and steal their jobs. Can this kind of violence be justified?

Pope Leo XIII said in his encyclical on the "Condition of Labor" (1891) that "religion teaches the laboring man and the workman . . . never to injure capital, nor to outrage the person of an employer; never to employ violence in representing his own cause, nor to engage in riot and disorder."

In a detailed discussion in the *Catholic Encyclopedia* ("Moral Aspects of Labor Unions") Monsignor John A. Ryan points out that the Church does, however, admit the possibility of justifying, under certain unusual circumstances, the use of force by labor. For example, a few years ago Monsignor Ryan and other authorities made a case in Catholic ethics for the sit-down strike when used by men absolutely dependent on their jobs against an employer who could afford to pay a living wage and refused to do so.

But these authorities all concluded, as Monsignor Ryan concludes in the *Encyclopedia,* that "the good effects to be obtained through the use of violence are practically never sufficient to outweigh the evil effects; for the benefits that labor would thus secure are insignificant compared with the social disorder and anarchy through which they would be obtained."

Of course impatient men, and especially desperate men, are quick to see an immediate good effect and very slow to peer through the mists of time at a distant evil. However, many of the evil effects of labor violence are by no means distant.

Effects of labor violence

I remember being involved in a New York strike several years ago in which the settlement was delayed about three weeks for no more fundamental reason apparently than that one of the strikers had thrown a rock and made a rather nasty dent in the head of an official of the company. In short, violence creates nothing but heat in a situation where light, and the coolest kind of light, is essential.

Then there is the very important element of public opinion. Many a worthy strike has died a tragic death from the bad publicity growing out of picket-line violence. The average men seems to have a great faith, frequently misplaced, in the unaided power of right and reason, and this is coupled with a very sound devotion to peaceful processes. Actually the same psychology affects rank-and-file unionists, so that many of them lose faith in their own cause when they see union leaders placing their chief reliance on "goon" squads, gorillas and what are sometimes quaintly referred to as "reception" committees.

Another evil effect is the bitterness and hatred that violence breeds within the ranks of labor itself. The majority of heads broken by trade unionists or strikers do not belong to employers or police, but to non-union or non-striking workers. Now once a man has been "given the lumps" or "dumped," as the seamen like to call it, something happens to his reasoning processes. For the rest of his mortal days it will be virtually impossible to persuade that man that there can be any good whatever in trade unions. In fact I have known men who scabbed in strikes largely because of their bitter hatred of unions for some act of violence they had suffered—in one case, as the result of a misunderstanding. If all scabs were just naturally vicious, it might be different, but the truth is that many of them are simply ignorant of the issues involved and many others are driven to scabbing by the powerful force of starving families at home.

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But nowadays perhaps the most obvious "evil effect," and one closely related to an adverse public opinion, is the wave of reactionary, anti-labor legislation that appears to be sweeping the country. Oregon, for example, now has a law that greatly limits picketing, forbids jurisdictional strikes, outlaws boycotts and curtails the political and fund-raising activities of unions.

The New York *Times* reports on this law, "Recollection of four years of bloody labor strife and racketeering was in the minds of citizens when they went to the polls to approve a measure designed to bring them peace."

And this state of public opinion cannot be explained by the bitter CIO-AFL fight for control of Oregon's lumber workers and longshoremen. It grew mostly from the fact that the organized "strong arm" was the established tactic employed by both sides, and especially developed by Dave Beck, AFL labor czar, and Harry Bridges, Communist leader of the CIO on the Pacific Coast.

Certainly such laws as Oregon's, however, are not the remedy for labor violence. Contrary to the *Times'* opinion, these laws are not designed to bring the people peace. They are designed more often by anti-labor interests to hamstring unions in the exercise of their just rights, and they are passed by the voters because labor leaders have abused the freedom they formerly enjoyed.

A clue to this strategem appears in the same article quoted above from the *Times*: "As soon as the union-control measure was adopted and before it actually went into effect, its intentions were being carried out. Police and other authorities, armed with the will of the people, curbed violence with criminal laws already on the statute books but previously not enforced."

In other words, the *Times* reporter, along with most of those clamoring for anti-labor legislation and amendments to the Wagner Act, makes the silly assumption that new laws must be passed in order to persuade the police to enforce laws that are already on the books.

The remedy

The final remedy for labor violence will not come through the mere passage of laws, whether they be good or bad. What must be changed are the minds and hearts of the men who are responsible for it. Some of these men are vicious, and the only practical way to change their minds and hearts is to throw them into jail as quickly as possible. (And here I refer to capitalists as well as to labor leaders.) The majority of them, however, are undoubtedly men who do what they do because they don't know any better: employers, for example, who say they believe in collective bargaining, but actually don't think their employees have a right to anything but the freedom to quit; labor leaders who say they believe in peaceful picketing, but actually think they have a right to use force in the pursuit of their ends.

One thing, though, is fairly certain: those who would influence the action of trade unionists must prove their good will towards labor and their real concern for the workingman. Nothing is more futile or more ludicrous than the solemn warnings of self-styled "friends of labor" who have never done or said one little thing in labor's behalf when the latter was looking for help.

The ACTU (Association of Catholic Trade Unionists) has had very encouraging success in modifying American labor's attitude on violence, but this was only because we made it clear right from the beginning that we were in there fighting for labor's just demands. An interesting example of this occurred during a Brooklyn strike last year in which we had been especially active. We had investigated the strike thoroughly, supported the workers on the picket-line and in our paper, negotiated in their behalf with the employers, secured a priest to speak at one of their meetings, and even arranged with Catholic Charities for aid to destitute workers. The strike had been entirely peaceful, but after five weeks there was talk of a back-to-work movement, and at a strike-meeting one of the union officials loudlly called for everyone to get out on the picket-line and be ready to "break the —— neck" of any scab who tried to go to work.

It so happened that the author was sitting in on the meeting as a representative of the ACTU. At any rate, I asked for the floor and pointed out in detail what the ACTU had done for the strikers and added that if the latter adopted a policy of violence, we would be forced to withdraw our support. A few minutes later another strike leader rose and moved a resolution opposing the use of violence. It was unanimously passed.

Moral: in the hour of temptation labor will listen to those who have listened to labor in the hour of need.

In a recent public statement Nelson Rockefeller, president of Rockefeller Center, said that a friendly relationship between capital and labor in this country depends upon "proper leadership on both sides." He might have added with equal truth that the elimination of labor violence, not to mention the salvation of our whole economic and political system, also depends upon our ability to develop such leadership.

The ACTU and others are trying in an organized fashion to do something about labor leadership. It would be encouraging to learn that someone was doing something, no matter how unorganized, about developing sound leadership among our American employers. Is it possible that some of our prominent Catholic employers might be interested in this worthy cause? The harvest is great, and the consequences of inaction are awful.

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The Mufti of Jerusalem

The recent escape of the Mufti brought him into the news of the day: here is the background.

By **Pierre Crabites and John Earle Uhler**

ENGLAND'S White Paper of May 17, 1939, was a right-about-face in her attitude toward Palestine. To cause England to take such a step, which aroused the resentment of all the Jews of the world, the motive had to be vital to England's interests. What was this vital motive? And will it succeed without the active support of the Mufti of Jerusalem?

For more than twenty years England had encouraged the Jews in their aspirations to establish in Palestine a national home. She sanctioned a large Jewish immigration, the purchase of extensive areas of land by the Jews, the organization of great businesses like the Jewish-owned Palestine Electric Corporation, and the establishment of schools and colleges including the new Hebrew University of Jerusalem. But with the work of the Jews only half complete, England ventured to antagonize all Jewry by going into reverse and declaring herself in favor of Arab rule in Palestine. Since the Balfour Declaration of 1917, England had burned incense to Zionism; now she is waving the censer in the other direction.

The reason is clear. Long before last May, England felt that she would soon lock horns again with Germany in what might prove a life-or-death struggle. In this conflict, England's relations with Islam may become alarmingly involved. The Arabs of Palestine and the millions of other Mohammedans had already become aroused over the prospect of losing their holy places to the Jews. For such a state of affairs the Moslems naturally held England responsible. In the face of a hostile —or even only a disaffected Islam—England's interests in the Levant and Orient might become seriously endangered. The English felt that there was nothing left to do but break her word with Zionism in order to avoid the wrath of Islam. She leaped from the window to escape the fire.

With the prospect of the present war, England was taking no chances. She knew that if Italy enters the conflict on the side of Germany, the Italian government will try to make trouble for England among the Mohammedans. Mussolini has already announced that he is the "protector of Islam." If Turkey fights with Germany, it is possible that, as a Mohammedan state, she may win the active support of the Moslem world. With either Italy or Turkey menacing her position in the Mediterranean, England realizes that it would be suicide to face a hostile Islam.

Although England felt obliged to flaunt Zionism, however, for the sake of her interests in Mohammedan areas, the English did not lose sight of the fact that they could count on the unfaltering loyalty of the Jewish people not only of Palestine but of the world. To the Jew, Hitlerism is a monster of so hideous a mien that even the announced determination of Great Britain to abandon the attempt to convert Palestine into a Jewish state did not lessen Jewry's implacable animosity to Nazism. In launching a new policy, therefore, of wooing the Mohammedans of the Holy Land, England did so without incurring the slightest risk of a backfire from the men and women who felt that they had been betrayed by London.

England's advantage

From a material, though not from an ethical, point of view, England thus had everything to gain and nothing to lose by undoing yesterday what she had been unsuccessfully attempting to do for about two decades. And yet her right-about-face tactics have not been as successful as she had hoped. Although she has ditched the Jews, whose support she has in any case, and taken up the Mohammedans, whose support is vital, she nevertheless refuses to give her confidence to the man who symbolizes the Arab cause. She is backing the Arab horse in Palestine but refuses to put her money on the jockey who can make this thoroughbred win the race for her.

It should be emphasized that as long as Italy or Turkey remains out of the war or does not enter it as an ally of Germany, the seriousness of this tactical mistake may not be felt. If either Rome or Istanbul adheres to its present neutrality, or eventually turns resolutely against Berlin, the Mediterranean area fades out of the picture and Islam's attitude toward London will become of secondary importance. Without some encouragement from Italy, or possibly Turkey, Mohammedan leaders are too circumspect to start trouble for England simply because England refuses to recognize the man who typifies at present the Islamic soul. With the British and French in control of the most strategic points in Moslem territory, Mohammedans may even consider it wise to

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muffle their true sentiments about England and France and pay lip homage to these overlords.

This does not mean that the Jews and Arabs of the Holy Land will not continue their own private fight. Arabs may still snipe the British when they see their chance. As a local, not as an international issue, trouble is likely to continue in Palestine until the British realize that they cannot, under present conditions, build up Arab men of straw whose signatures will be worth no more than the paper upon which they may be written.

If, on the other hand, Italy or Turkey starts goose-stepping to the Fuhrer's music, England may pay dearly for her present unfriendliness to Hag Amin El Husseini, the Mufti of Jerusalem.

Is England committed inexorably?

England may feel that she has committed herself inexorably against the Mufti. On the very day when Great Britain announced to the world that she had thrown Zionism overboard, Malcolm MacDonald, England's colonial minister, declared in the House of Commons that the Mufti is a bandit and assassin, that under no circumstances would he be permitted to return from exile and that London would not negotiate with him in implementing her new policy. England could see nothing in the Mufti but horns and cloven hoofs.

Such a denunciation raises a question of fact which, to say the least, is open to controversy. No attempt will here be made to demonstrate that the Colonial Secretary used not only intemperate but misleading terms in his reference to the Mufti. Suffice it to say that MacDonald's speech should not necessarily preclude further dealing with this Mohammedan leader. Precedents may readily be invoked to show that, when her interests counseled her to do so, England has been known to negotiate with leaders whom she has but recently castigated as bandits and assassins. For example, during the long months which witnessed Saad Zaghlul Pasha's opposition to British rule in Egypt, the English charged him with most of the crimes of violence known to the common law. When Sir Lee Stack was assassinated in 1924, England showered denunciation upon Saad Zaghlul Pasha as the spirit whose language brought about the ruthless murder of the sirdar. Within a very short time, however, when the experts of Downing Street realized that the friendship of Saad Zaghlul Pasha's party was necessary to the success of British policy in Egypt, the foreign office proceeded to forget all the vituperation that had been previously hurled at the Egyptian leader. Another such example is Michael Collins. Although Lloyd George's ministry had anathematized this Irish patriot as an assassin, the prime minister overlooked this when he realized he could use Collins for making terms with the Irish rebels. England will handle pitch if she can use it to pave the road.

That the help of the Mufti of Jerusalem is essential to Britain's interests in the sphere of Islam cannot be denied. No better proof need be adduced that Hag Amin El Hussein personifies the Arab claims to Palestine than the fact that when England decided last spring to hold an Arab-Jewish round table conference in London to attempt to solve the Palestine problem, not a single Mohammedan king, prince, or potentate would accept the invitation until it was sanctioned by the Mufti of Jerusalem. They held that he symbolized the aspirations of the Arab race and the Moslem world. They kept aloof until he authorized them to proceed. They were prepared to boycott the conference unless he gave it his blessing. To ignore the Mufti was to shortcircuit the works.

It is true that the British made it clear that they were opposed to the Mufti's presence and that he did not go to London. He insisted from the outset that he had no desire to repeat President Wilson's mistake and that all he wanted was the right of choosing his own delegates. For the purpose he forced the British to recall from exile his picked mandatories. At the conference his representatives would do nothing without telephoning him from London to his retreat in Beirut. This very difficulty of communication with him bears witness to his moral ascendancy in the Moslem world. Although at the conference he was not present in the flesh, his word leaped from the Lebanon Mountains to the Thames to direct the business that the conference undertook.

His supremacy is so great that no prayers have been said in the Temple area of Jerusalem and no call to prayer made from the minarets of its mosque since British troops desecrated the sacred Moslem shrine in their search for the hiding place of the Mufti. Only once since Islam consecrated this Temple area some thirteen centuries ago—and that was during the short decade when the Crusaders occupied Jerusalem—have these prayers and these calls to prayer been suppressed. To bring them back, there is but one voice in Islam. It is the voice of the man whose leadership in Jerusalem is universally admitted by the faithful of the Moslem world. So long as England and France silence that voice, they cannot expect the Mohammedans to be sympathetic to their cause. When England deserted the Jews to win the goodwill of Islam, she paid the price of smirching her escutcheon. Without the goodwill of Hag Amin El Hussein, England's sacrifice of Jewish hopes in Palestine may prove to be in vain. Islam without the Mufti may turn out to be a lamp without light, an arch without the keystone, a layer of snow concealing a crevasse. If Italy or Turkey should ever line up with Germany in the present conflict, the Mufti of Jerusalem, if still in exile, may hold the fate of the British Empire in his hand.

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A Legend of Saint Francis

By **Isabella Fey**

A park! That decorative note
Set in contemporary asphalt, pricked
By neat grasses, colored by the rote
Of ingeniously spaced annuals, and tricked
From nature's purpose to pursuit
Of fenced frivolities; earth serves the will of civic gardeners
Who prize the surface green but not the root,
And fill each season with prefigured bruit
Of crying flowers: the tulip's country dance, the blurs
Of royal iris, and canna, autumn's flaming messengers.

Paths, benches, here and there a clock,
Signs indicating exits every block;
Children and nursemaids, old men out of work,
The labeled trees where neither mysteries nor dangers lurk,
The shallow lake, the times all out of joint,
And the great city visible from every point.

A park, then!
I offer no retreat
For poets, lovers, and such uneased men;
No sunlit magnitudes,
No desert wild and sweet
For contemplation of beatitudes.
I offer what's to hand, poets have little choice,
History supplies the happening, they the voice.
Yes, history—this tale I offer you,
Though in no standard text or book of fact,
Takes its sanction from the original act,
And like all truth, beyond all fact, is true.

The Sunday churchbells filled the air
That called to church but not to prayer,
Thousands of people in their Sunday best
Chatted and fidgeted while waiting to be blessed;
The streets were clean, the households fresh and trim,
And Monday droned already in the Sabbath hymn.
And in the park, the pagan sun held sway
And poured alike on pious man and sinner,
And favored with undichotomizing ray
Both those who do and don't say grace at dinner.
And silence, that old priest, conducted mass
Liturgical above the humble grass,
And choral insects lent their silver score,
And *dust thou art* resolved to dust once more.

And presently along the path serene
A loiterer came, a young man darkly dressed,
Black coat fastened over sunken chest,
A folio in his arm, a hat of green
Crowning the dark abundance of his hair;
His face, limbs, general deportment, had the air
Of hunger suffered recently; his eyes,
Dark-lidded, had the depth but not the lightness of the skies,
For darkness like a double self companioned him,
One of the older and forgotten seraphim.
He walked along with strangely measured pace
As if some former life or discipline
Had tamed his eager feet and curbed his chin
And yoked his spirit to deliberate grace.

And no one noticed him. Children played
With deadly innocence upon the gravelled walk,
Nursemaids lined the benches with their envious talk,
Ceased talk to scold their charges, went to talk again;
A slight breeze swayed the grass; the old men swayed
Blown by the keen winds of regret; the loiterer stayed
Wrapped in a secret glowing, and betrayed
Only his outer darkness to the world of men.

And this particular Sabbath might have passed
Into the limbo of accomplished time
And left no story to complete this rhyme,
Had not the dark-robed visitor at last
Been moved to break his eremitic fast.
A crust of bread, unmoistened even by a tear
He drew from out his pocket; his wan mouth puckered as he held it near
But did not eat; for on the tailored lawn
A sudden flurry caught his eye, a sparrow's flight,
A flock of sparrows greedy for the sight
Of that dry crust—the town's free pensioners
Reduced to chilly want and feathered scrawn
By careless children and meticulous gardeners.

The stranger did not hesitate, he crushed
The dry bread with generous hands, and while the sparrows rushed
Pell-mell upon the feast, each shouldering out the others,
He murmured gently as of old: Come, eat, my Brothers!
And swallowing the wry juice of hunger, he stood stock still
And watched the ravenous sparrows work their will
Upon love's meager sacrifice; until,
Bemused with love and hunger, he took his artist's folio,
Propped it against a waste receptacle,
And sketched, more woe than comedy, more love than woe.

And now the world took notice. First a child
Came running curious and unskeptical
To see the picture; then a nursemaid smiled,
Nudged her companion and strained her eyes to see
What eccentricity this might be;
An old man loitered past, stopped, gave his approval grudgingly,
And then confided that he too had been

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In youth an artist—but art is fair,
And beauty surely leads to sin,
And now he slept in parks and dined upon despair.
A laborer came by, who cleaned the park at eve,
Taking his Sabbath holiday, and unable to conceive
Of other amusement, spent it in the park—
And seeing the stranger sketch, he thought it quite a lark
To find the place he cleaned at night
Transformed on paper to a thing of light.

And so the crowd grew larger, curious
To gape, to wonder and to criticize;
A nursemaid wiped the easy moisture from her eyes,
Another, moved more readily to despise,
Whispered that the thing was spurious,
Mere juggler's trickery; and a third was furious
To see the Sabbath broken by a clown.
But the staring children did not smile or frown
Upon the sketcher's efforts; they accepted him
Straight from the soul, with childhood's golden clarity,
Not with the critic's learned charity
For things attempted, but as cherubim
Must know the Lord, direct, unsullied by the mind's disparity.
And all the while the sketcher did not turn
To note the idle crowd intruding on his task;
His hand divinely swept with unconcern
Over the sketching block, whose empty mask
By charcoal stroke and smudge had been withdrawn
Upon a panorama of celestial lawn.
Cries of approval from the crowd: But he can sketch!
A starveling talent! How much does it fetch?
The grudging praise of men whose souls are mute,
And, unable to assert, can but dispute.

And now the miracle begins: One greedy bird
Distracted from his world of grub and crumbs
By sounds not understood and dimly heard
Beyond the sparrow-level, leaves his greedier chums
Deep in the grass still struggling for the bread,
Pecking and squawking and each stealing from his neighbors,
He rises and circles 'round the artist's head,
Beholds the work of art, and now he drums
With eloquent wings upon the air,
His comrades leave their labors,
And lo, the whole flock flutters there,
The dark aerial halo of the artist's sable hair.

And human vision takes the wheeling flock:
For there in the compass of the sketching block
These birds behold such vistas and such trees
As never sparrow nested in; no flower such as these
Found blossom in a single summer; the shallow lake
Has grown into the lake of Galilee;
Paths straight-stretching to eternity;
The city fades to sloping mount and hill
Where men may walk and talk with godhead still.
And just in the center of this transformed park
The artist sketched a thing far stranger than the rest:
Himself he stands, dark-garmented, but dressed
For more than mortal sorrow, his face no longer dark,
And on his hands and brow and breast
The signs well known of old were pressed,
Where love and death had stricken him with the self-same mark;
And instead of saintly blood,
Light poured from these stigmata in a flood.

And lastly the quarreling sparrow flock
Had undergone transcendent change: a snow-white brotherhood
Of gentle doves, they perched on tree and rock
And even upon his shoulders, who had wrought their good,
The saint's own brothers, without hunger and without fear they stood.

The living sparrows, filled with human vision,
Experience a miracle of envy and of rage;
They flap their wings and twitter high derision,
Recall their wintry hungers, and how gardeners wage
Each spring a scarecrow battle for the seed
Designed by Providence to fill a sparrow's need,
While pigeons and doves grow fat in man-made nests,
Loved, petted, gutted with crumbs—the city's welcome guests.
And shrill with exasperation, the outraged sparrows
Fall on the artist like keen darting arrows,
Beaks poison-sharp and wildly drumming wings,
They stab him on head and hands with multitudinous stings,
And so wreak vengeance for their bitter lot
On the one being who has harmed them not.

The artist endures it, but the Sabbath crowd
Confused by the onslaught, tries to flee
From the charmed circle, a nursemaid screams aloud,
The old men crush one another trying to get free,
A child is trampled, panic reigns, a mob forms suddenly
From the Sunday loiterers, blows are exchanged,
Women cry hysterically, the trampled child
Uninjured, bites someone's ankle, and as if arranged
By signal, a young girl faints and the mob goes wild.
Somewhere a policeman's stick tattoos
A riot-call, park attendants in their uniforms appear
Abruptly from nowhere, traveling in safe twos,
They fall upon the crowd, and not taking time to hear
Precisely what happened, nor having wish to know,
They collar the innocent and let the guilty go,
Handcuff the artist, disperse the excited horde,
And law and order are immediately restored.

So far the miracle. Now human thought
Supplants divine intention. The offending visitor was brought
Post-haste to the station, examined, registered, arraigned
For disturbance of the peace, tried, found guilty, sentenced to thirty days
Or thirty dollars. He served an uneventful term,
Emerged with six pounds evidently gained

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From wholesome county diet, promised to mend his ways,
And thanked the prison doctor that no germ
Had festered the wounds on hands and breast and brow
Pecked by the angry sparrows. The wounds were cleanly healed, and now
He had only the tell-tale scars, the secular mark
Of some would-be miracle miscarried in the park.

And that was the last of him. For the old men and children, those
Who might have borne witness to an uncommon thing
Saw little meaning in a sparrow's wing,
And when that Sabbath drew to its undistinguished close,
The high music of one miraculous Sunday
Faltered and died in the urgent prose of Monday.

Yet the event was not immediately dismissed.
The Sergeant of Police, to whom the park
Sent two officials, discussed the curious twist
Whereby the thing had happened; and all three were in the dark,
For the City's Ordinances, when carefully re-read,
Said nowhere that art or artists were prohibited.
Yet the unfortunate incident called for some clear measure
To safeguard public grounds for public pleasure.
After much legal head-scratching and conferring,
The Sergeant, whose tact in civics was unerring,
Suggested for the safety of the crowd,
That conspicuous signs be posted:
"LOITERING NOT ALLOWED"

And so it came to pass that that same employee
Who cleaned the park at eve, and who did see
The nameless miracle, and did remember,
And who, after the crowd dispersed
Did rescue the drawing and hide it in his breast—
This very worker, not wiser but more humble than the rest,
And having no fear that the drawing might be cursed,
Said nothing about the material evidence,
Took home the picture, though ignorant of its sense,
And hung it in a niche above a waxen taper
Where he might sometimes look at it while deciphering his Sunday paper.

Integrating Religion

By HARRY McNEILL

THE ninth biennial convention of the National Catholic Alumni Federation held last week in New York presented such a sumptuous feast of excellent communications and discussions that any choice of material reported here is somewhat arbitrary and likely to be unfair. Happily the entire proceedings will be published in the near future. Moreover, it is hoped that some of the papers will appear separately (perhaps in THE COMMONWEAL), for they bear wide circulation.

The theme of the convention was "Man and Modern Secularism: the Conflict of the Two Cultures Considered Especially in Relation to Education." No more basic issue could have been chosen, and hardly could a more distinguished group of scholars and thinkers have been assembled to discuss it. Father Gannon, President of Fordham University, delivered the keynote address and helped clarify the issue by reducing it to the simple terms of Naturalism *versus* Supernaturalism.

Following in order, according to the beautifully logical plan of the convention, Dr. Ross Hoffman, professor of history in the Graduate School of Fordham, treated "The Origins and Development of Secularism." Professor Hoffman said that this amounted to "an account of the devil's business and how he has done it during the past few centuries." Finding this too great an assignment, the speaker limited his paper to a description of an acceptable form of secularism, namely, the affirmation of an autonomous lay order. It is called secular in contrast to the order of ecclesiastical paternalism that had preceded it. "The Church had disciplined minds and souls; it had drawn men out of a barbaric dream world into the world of natural and supernatural reality; it had combated superstition, driven out demons and made it possible for men to perceive that there is a natural order of existence with its own autonomy and its own laws. By doing all that the Church had made men fit at last to take up again the creative and progressive work of a free activity, in this natural order, for the upbuilding of civilization. . . . This great development of a predominantly lay civilization has been often called the rise of secularism."

Next came a discussion of "Religion in the Making of America." Dean Crowley of Fordham School of Education presided, and Professor Richard Purcell, head of the history department of the Catholic University, told of religion in the pre-revolutionary colonies. In a scholarly study Dr. Purcell traced the predominant part of religion in colonial America. "The seventeenth century gave birth to the English settlements in North America; and the seventeenth century in both Great Britain and the continental lands was characterized by religious interests and religio-political activities which forced people to fight wars, to rise in rebellions, to flee across seas in quest of a religious refuge, to undertake foreign missions among barbarians and pagans and to persecute each other for the love of God and enforced conformity to existing church-state establishments. . . . Religious crusaders settled Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay; other spiritually minded people in protest of the Bay Colony's theocracy fled or migrated to Providence and Newport, to the Connecticut valley and to New Haven. And after the English liquidated the New Netherlands, they established the Anglican order, although they granted a large measure of liberty to the Reformed-Dutch burghers and patroons and to their

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laborers and serfs, and later they welcomed Huguenot exiles who came by way of the Low Countries or England. To Pennsylvania, William Penn had brought Irish and English Friends whose social and political theories as well as their religious doctrines had made them the butt of the law and of the populace. To Virginia there had gone Cavaliers, though not in the traditionally large number, from an England where Puritans and Cromwellians had executed their king, the head of their Church, disestablished that Church, and proscribed its membership. To Maryland there journeyed Papists under the leadership of the convert Calverts who would found a proprietary and manorial colony where Englishmen, and Irishmen for that matter, could continue Catholics in good faith and still remain in loyal subjectship to the crown . . ." Naturally colonial schools reflected the strong religious convictions of the colonists. "Colleges were to no small degree seminaries in the absence of theological schools. . . . They never popularized deism or religious indifference." Accordingly, "the framers [of our constitution] for the most part were not only men of faith who accepted their denominations' covenant or platform, but were practical men who wrote toleration clauses into the federal constitution even as great liberals had into the Virginia Bill of Rights; because they realized that with so many denominations each one needed protective guarantees and none could be established."

Taking up our next period of history, Father Richard Gabel, of DeSales College, Toledo, Ohio, author of a monumental work on "Public Funds for Church and Private Schools," treated religion after the adoption of the federal and state constitutions. It was under the ambiguous banner of "non-sectarianism," said Father Gabel, that secularism sidled to the forefront. "Not only Protestant religionists but also many out-and-out secularists, the deists, naturalists, agnostics, were willing to accept 'non-sectarianism.' But with these, it meant the rejection of *all* supernatural religion, of *all* doctrines, mysteries, of the very notions of grace, heaven, hell," and it was their secularist interpretation that was to prevail. "What is today regarded as the Catholic position, which regards religion as the all-important, permeating, integrating factor in education, was the prevalent religious philosophy of the majority of teachers and held sway in the schools for many years after the adoption of the constitution. . . . Federal Government has fostered and actually supported Christian and 'sectarian' teaching in many ways. The 'sectarian' Indian missions were publicly aided until 1900; Protestant colleges for Negroes and Sunday School missions were established after the Civil War with federal aid; land grants, including the Morrill grant of 1862, were conferred on church schools."

Father Gabel then described the three stages in the process of secularization. "In the first period, 1750-1800, the doctrines of deism, naturalism, rationalism were introduced into America, deriving from the English Enlightenment and Revolutionary France. . . . In the second stage, between 1830 and 1850 . . . enthusiastic zealots for public education pounced upon the term 'non-sectarian' religion, and through a gigantic program of propaganda and vituperation spread their anti-doctrinal tenets throughout the land. Horace Mann, the arch apostle of Unitarian 'non-sectarianism' and often regarded as founder of our modern public schools, hated Christian revelation to a degree that was almost an obsession. Horace Bushnell, Caleb Mills, Samuel Lewis, Horace Greeley, Alexander Campbell and numerous others were inflamed with an anti-doctrinal complex that was as deep as was their fanaticism toward public schools. . . . The final phase of the movement, 1875-1900, followed the speech of President Grant in 1875, when he proposed the complete secularization of public education and all public schools and the relegation of religion to the home and the church. A bill to bring this about through enactment of . . . congress was defeated by one vote."

The contemporary prophets of secularism in America were next revealed in a documentary study by Father Geoffrey O'Connell, author of a magistral work, "Naturalism in American Education." These were shown to be the influential professors of Teachers College, Columbia University, namely, John Dewey, his popularizer, William H. Kilpatrick, Harold Rugg and E. L. Thorndike.

The challenge of secularism was next heralded in a ringing address by Dr. Robert C. Pollock, professor of philosophy in Fordham Graduate School. "A grave responsibility has been thrust upon Catholics. For it is they who have much to offer toward that very reconciliation of spiritual and temporary existence of which the world is in such desperate need. Yet as soon as we seriously consider our fateful rôle in the present, we have reason to feel deeply troubled. . . . How can we be effective against secularism when we ourselves do not exhibit that integration of the supernatural and the natural which alone is truly and fully Catholic? . . . After all there is an authentic problem in regard to the translation of the Gospel spirit into the institutions of the social order. If the special order of relations that appertain to social life as such is not dealt with philosophically and technically and in a manner properly temporal, we can expect secular-minded people to preempt the field. We can expect further that the formation of social institutions that shape us from day to day will be entirely in their hands and not at all in ours. The social temporal order must be respected as such, or it will never be intimately linked with the universal theological order. Nor will men easily

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be led from the lowest to the highest, from the world of dead matter to the world of spirit. I think we must agree that the challenge of secularism is closely linked up with the division that has entered into our own Catholic life, a division which ends by making us just as one-sided as the secularists. While we one-sidedly affirm the spiritual, they one-sidedly affirm the temporal. For us the real problem is to hold them together, for it is only together that each can come into its own. We must learn therefore to think and feel and act out of the fullness of integral Catholicism. . . .

"What I wish to emphasize and hold aloft is the truth that far from turning men away from the world of men and things, Christianity drew them into a deeper and more dynamic relation with it. Spiritual elevation was henceforth tied up more and more with an incarnational descent into a world crying for redemption. . . . In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries this Christian dynamic began working in earnest. . . . The Christian world had to wait for Saint Thomas Aquinas to possess intellectually and integrally that new polarity between the theological and the philosophical, between heaven and earth that so completely transformed all things human. . . . Thomism is philosophically the very term at which the entire Christian process had been aiming. . . . But the Thomistic declaration of the rights of man lacked real institutional embodiment. . . . The whole Thomistic integration which would have saved the Catholic world of the early Renaissance from its tragic deviations remained shut away in books. . . . Turning to America, it might be more correct to speak of secularism's challenge not to American culture but to Catholics, because secularism has as one of its causes the failure of Catholics to build up an integral life upon Thomistic foundations. . . .

"We must apply the Thomistic intuition to the social order, recognizing that we cannot have a Catholic order unless we have also a natural order. If in the whole of our Catholic life, in our schools and in the different spheres of activity, we were to hold fast to the Thomistic principle that justice to God demands justice to nature, which means above all justice to man, we should ultimately make secularism intellectually and socially unrespectable."

Limitations of space forces us to break off Dr. Pollock's stirring appeal to American Catholics, and leave unmentioned a half dozen other thoughtful and eloquent communications together with the profound discussion they provoked. I hope that I have indicated the richness of the convention menu. The officers of the Alumni Federation are to be roundly felicitated for making such a gathering possible. The pooling of intellectual forces there manifested is palpable evidence that American Catholics *are* coming to grips with the social problems of our country and times.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

PROPAGANDA against propaganda has been so successful among great masses of people, including many who occupy positions of leadership of the masses, that it threatens to become a major evil of our evil-ridden age by fostering a universal spirit of destructive, unreasonable doubt of all human testimony, all probable evidence whatsoever and substituting the spirit of prejudice for the spirit of judgment. "Oh, but that's propaganda!" becomes more and more the summary way to dispose of all arguments save those which support the prejudices of a disputant.

It is in discussions concerning the war in Europe, and, even more directly, the discussions concerning the arms embargo issue, that the accusations of propaganda and counter-propaganda are particularly rife, and particularly poisonous because of the ever-increasing tendency on the part of far too many writers and speakers and, I sorrowfully add, preachers as well to destroy all confidence in their opponents among their own followers by attribution of unworthy, dishonest personal motives in what their opponents write or say. I shall not easily overcome the shock I suffered, as a Catholic, when I heard a priest in a radio address, advertised as "an answer to Alfred E. Smith's address favoring the repeal of the arms embargo legislation," first proclaim that he "loved Al Smith," and then proceed to insinuate very obviously that Mr. Smith's opinions must be explained by his personal association with manufacturers of arms supplies. That is not a solitary instance of the use of propaganda directed against what is supposed to be (by such publicists) the vast network of propaganda for war manipulated by armaments interests.

On the other side of the argument, there are supporters of the embargo repeal who displayed a similar spirit of unfairness. Colonel Lindbergh was a conspicuous victim. But it should be remembered that Colonel Lindbergh, in his first address, exerted his enormous public influence to arouse the American public to the danger of propaganda in such a way as inevitably led to reprisals against himself. For he urged everybody to suspend belief in any statement in a newspaper or a radio address until or unless there was made public complete information as to who owned or directed the paper or the radio station or what interests controlled the one or the other—including the opinions expressed by the individual writer or broadcaster. Naturally enough, critics of what the airman said applied his own prescription to the analysis of his own utterances.

But what an utterly hopeless state of confusion and doubt must prevail if such a prescription is universally applied, by all readers, on all sides of any particular issue! For of course it cannot be confined in its use merely to one school of thought, or of opinion. Universal scepticism and suspicion must become the general state of all those who are taught to discredit everything said by those who seem opposed to their own opinions, not because what is said is unsupported by facts, or demonstrably wrong in

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logic—which may or may not be the case—but simply because what is said is "propaganda" dictated by unworthy personal motives, or manufactured by conspirators; whereas what is said on the other side, the side favored by the publicist supporting one's favorite belief or pet prejudice, must necessarily be true and noble and impersonal! But such a method certainly saves wear and tear of the reasoning faculties. Any statement that runs counter to one's own prejudices can be dismissed unconsidered; it is "propaganda." Propaganda, in this sense, is false; it is false because it disagrees with what my own favorite champion of the truth—that is, what I hold to be truth—tells me is true, and he, of course, does not use "propaganda," he tells the truth. How do I know? Why, I agree with him; of course it is so.

That those who follow this method are increasing in number is, I think, quite clear; but on the other hand, as the debate on the embargo issue demonstrates, a sensible, reasonable attitude toward "propaganda" has likewise increased. Generally speaking, the Senate speeches kept fairly clear of unworthy attribution of dishonest or hidden motives on the part of opponents of one side or the other. Such slips occurred, it is true, and were blazoned in the news reports, because such conflicts make more exciting reading than the unemotional arguments that prevailed.

Nevertheless, on the whole, both the Senate discussions and their treatment in the press and over the radio marked a great advance in the reasonable way of dealing with great issues. Perhaps, in calmer times to come, our Church historians and thinkers will take up the whole subject of "propaganda," which, after all, as a word, and in the true and honest sense, in the sense of the spreading of truth, issued from the teaching and the practice of the Church, and show to the world that, like the questions of war and peace and all other topics, true propaganda depends for its justification on its fidelity to truth-telling—and that its perversion stems from the denial of the immutable character of truth and morality.

The Pope's first Encyclical is the beginning of the mission of the Church to the new age that is dawning amid blood and tears. It may be taken as propaganda in its finest and purest essence. And how great a thing it is for mankind that even at such a moment as this—indeed, just because of that—the Holy Father, God's chief servant on earth, can tell us that he writes "from a heart full of confidence and hope." Doubt and despair are met by the Pope with their only antidote. When the poisonous propaganda of today has become merely a memory of past evil, the propaganda of the faith will still be flourishing.

The Stage & Screen

The Time of Your Life

WILLIAM SAROYAN'S play according to old time canons may not be a play at all, but it is certainly the most interesting work the theatre has revealed thus far this season. In fact taken in conjunction with last season's "My Heart's in the Highlands" it gives us the hope that Mr. Saroyan may become one of the leading figures in the American theatre. It would be useless to attempt to tell the story of "The Time of Your Life"; it has no story. It is rather a few hours in a saloon on the San Francisco waterfront, in which people come and go without apparent will from the author, while all the time an alcoholic philosopher and philanthropist sits at a table drinking champagne. It is fantasy with a realistic background. There are sailors, women of the street, slummers in evening dress and drunken hangers on. This is the realism, and so far the characters are the stock figures of melodrama. But against these are other figures, a troubled cop and a philosophical longshoreman, a bar-tender who is the real thing, a teller of tall tales, a hoofer who thinks he is a comedian and back of it all, both as Greek chorus and god from the machine, the philanthropist.

Mr. Saroyan is a somewhat orphic writer. He often emits dark sayings whose exact meanings are difficult to understand. But one is never in doubt as to what the characters feel. Mr. Saroyan's people are warm and human; they know that this is not the best of all possible worlds, and therefore their hearts are filled with tenderness and pity, but they also know they are incapable of making crooked things straight except through kindness and understanding of each others' troubles. He is a poet of little people, and he sees the beauty in their souls and lives. He writes with his heart rather than his brain, and despite what he has uttered publicly when he has discussed his work, his work itself has a humbleness of approach which is disarming. Indeed it is this, with his imaginative fancy, which makes him unique among American writers for the theatre. He may believe in himself, but he knows he hasn't the key to the mystery of life. He asks only that people treat one another in the simple Christian way. He has at present no sense of form, and this is his weakness and his strength. It is his weakness because it prevents a final compression of power; it is his strength because it permits him liberties which are fascinating and often delightful. To be a complete artist he must attain the first, but let us be thankful that at present we have the latter to enjoy.

The Theatre Guild in association with Eddie Dowling have given it a most sympathetic production; Mr. Dowling and Mr. Saroyan have admirably directed it. And Mr. Dowling, not content with being part producer and part director, acts the part of the alcoholic philanthropist with rare sensitiveness and poetic feeling. He proves himself again one of the most accomplished actors on the American stage. Excellent performances too are given by Charles De Sheim as Nick, the barkeeper; by Edward Andrews as Tom, by Gene Kelly as the hoofer, by Reginald Beane as the piano player, by Housley Stevens as the Arab and by Len Doyle as the miner teller of tall tales. Julie Hayden does well enough what she has to do as the girl of the streets; Tom Tully as the longshoreman and Randolph Wade as the policeman are admirable. In short "The Time of Your Life," despite one or two lines lacking somewhat in taste, is a play to be seen. *(At the Booth Theatre.)*

GRENVILLE VERNON.

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Crime Does Not Pay

"THE ROARING TWENTIES" turns out to be a snappy lecture on the evils of prohibition. Even a commentator, "March of Time" style, keeps you posted on the moral of the story as three men drift from soldiering during the War to the pitfalls of bootlegging during the "dizzy decade." But the cards are stacked so obviously that one can almost see the shuffler fix the pack. Vicious bad man Humphrey Bogart, hissing words of venom through his teeth, likes killing so well that he keeps his gun. Tough guy James Cagney, disappointing as a "dream soldier" to Priscilla Lane, rises to the top as king of bootleggers before he returns to the gutter. Nice boy Jeffrey Lynn runs the legal affairs for his shady big-shot associates, almost gets burned by not withdrawing from this racket soon enough. Raoul Walsh's direction of this Mark Hellinger story has a fast pace with good local color in songs, historical references and costumes. The acting is pretty obvious. Gladys George, as a loyal admirer of Cagney who shoves lighted cigars down men's throats, is most convincing of all in a Texas Guinan rôle.

"The Housekeeper's Daughter" is full of tough guys too, but Hal Roach, with tongue in cheek, has directed this burlesque on racketeering, made from Donald Henderson Clarke's novel, with such speed and vigor that even the more ribald lines skim by before one has time to be shocked. Joan Bennett (eyes agleam; Hedy LaMarrish again in a black wig) quits her job as the racketeer's come-on, goes home to mama (charming housekeeper Peggy Wood) and falls for naïve son of the house (John Hubbard) who wants to be a reporter. Adolphe Menjou (a "well-scrubbed vulture" right from "The Front Page") and William Gargan put the cub through strenuous journalistic and drinking paces. The plot, complicated by a half-wit who poisons "bad people," ends in a mad scramble of reporters, gangsters, bodies lying around, tear gas and a battle with fireworks. Not for the fastidious, "The Housekeeper's Daughter" brings the belly laughs its title implies.

That Lloyd C. Douglas approves of the film made from his "Disputed Passage" foretells that it will work out like most Douglas products with Will, Love or Faith conquering all, but does not prepare us for the muddled ending. Director Frank Borzage starts out bravely with some fine scenes showing gruff, cynical Doctor Akim Tamiroff storming against medical incompetence, teaching John Howard to give up everything except pure science. The picture flounders when Douglas goes conventionally sentimental. Dorothy Lamour (sans sarong) in an uninspired performance is supposed to incite the will to live into the dying hero. Tamiroff's and Howard's acting, though good, cannot carry this picture alone.

Jack Hively in directing "Three Sons" couldn't decide whether his sympathies were with Edward Ellis, the father who builds Chicago's leading department store while he loses his ungrateful children, or with the neglected children who refuse to continue the father's dream of a cash register. Although Mr. Ellis and J. Edward Bromberg give interesting performances, "Three Sons" with flimsy sets and undeveloped characters attempts too much on a small budget.

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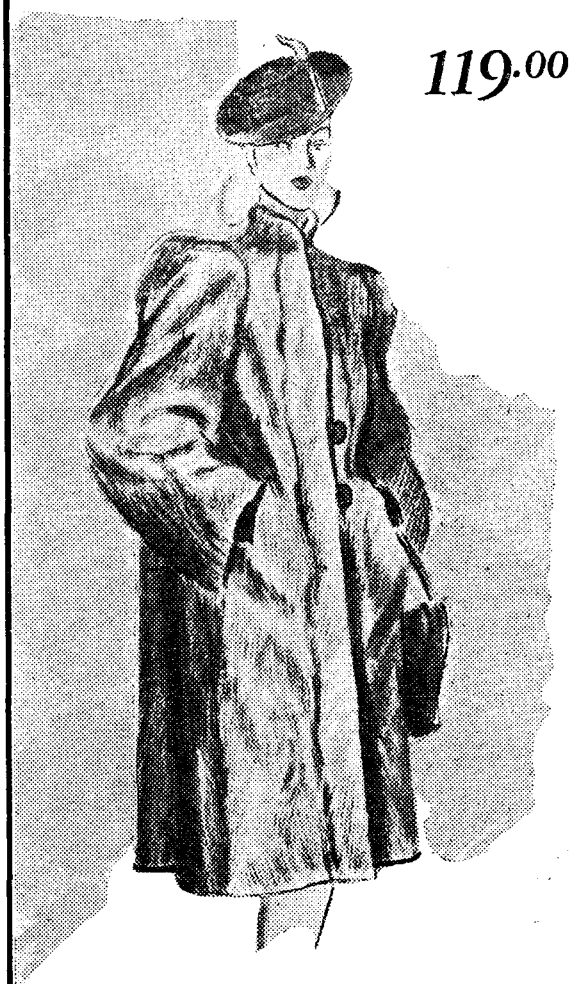

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Written from the Ridge

DEAR EDITORS: I think that one of the problems of a newcomer to the Church is how and where to do his hating. It is not in my mind to seek loopholes in the commandment to love thy neighbor. Indeed I have never been sympathetic to that kind of lofty theologizing which seeks to scale down the teaching with the explanation that Jesus "dealt in oriental hyperbole."

Naturally, I have been taught to distinguish between utter opposition to the evil thing or institution and a willingness to wait upon the hope that the individual responsible may shake himself loose into the clear. As a matter of fact it seems to me that even in those articles of Christian faith which are sometimes called "difficult" there is psychological soundness. It is, I might hazard, not only un-Christian but lazy thinking to identify the ills of the world in the precise personality of some single man or even a single nation. Anybody who is engaged in the making of daily newspapers is particularly inclined to this sort of error. Men who write headlines may also perish by them.

Everything becomes oversimplified when it is necessary to state a rumor, a fact or an opinion in a restricted number of letters and spaces. Happy is the statesman, the athlete or the motion picture player with a short name or one which can be easily abbreviated. Franklin Roosevelt might have lived and died a local legislator if some bright young copy reader had not transformed him early in his career to F. D. R., just as his fifth cousin became Teddy, T. R. or the Colonel. But the difficulty is that when a man's views and beliefs are so insistently personalized certain principles of Government are decided not on terms of the broad issues involved but solely on a liking or an opposition to the man in question. Maine and Vermont might quite possibly veto the golden rule if it were urged as something favored enthusiastically by F. D. R.

I used to read a lot of sports copy in the days when Grange was great in football and Ruth the mightiest of outfielders. And we invariably reduced both the headline and the lead into a recital of the doings of the hero. It was "the Galloping Ghost" who turned back Wisconsin with a sensational run. The fact that other men upon his team blocked out potential tacklers and opened a path for his advance was scarcely mentioned. And the Babe might well have been playing solitaire upon the diamond rather than being an important cog in a well knit machine.

And just as too much emphasis is put upon modern heroes in the headlines the villainy and perfidy of those to whom we are opposed is in similar fashion dragged out of proportion. I am empowered to speak for only one columnist when I say that a commentator can make his task of fighting totalitarianism much too simple. One can manage to give himself the sense of being a great crusader against nazism by merely sitting down four or five times a week and saying, "I hate Hitler and all that he stands for." I have become convinced that this mere repetition of hostility toward one man is a somewhat insufficient service in moving the world as much as a minute fraction toward security and sanity.

The commentator who feels that he has done a full day's work by thumbing his nose at Adolf has loafed on his proper responsibility to discover those forces which brought the man to the front and which maintain him there. Now it is true that *der Fuehrer* himself indulges to a great extent in headline psychology. While he mentions the German people from time to time, many of his speeches indicate that he thinks of national decisions as being made by himself and later ratified by his followers. He puts himself forward not only as the first soldier of the Reich but the last. But to accept Hitler at his own estimation is to take over in part his heresy of the supreme state owned and operated by the almost God-like leader. And there are times when the "almost" is hardly in his mind.

But so great is the egocentricity of the *Reichsfuehrer* that some physicians have bluntly classed him as a victim of paranoia. I am skeptical of diagnosis at long range, but if the world is dealing with a man whose mind is definitely marred in a literal medical sense there is no room for hatred. The dignity of the human soul may be clouded in the case of one possessed, but it is not lost. Jesus ministered to mad men as well as sinners. He cast out the devils of delusion, but did not blast the body or spirit of those who were afflicted.

In a company of my betters I approach Christian philosophy with more timidity than may show upon the surface. But an ordered world does not mean a static and a predestined universe. Under the dispensation of free will (which is truly the cornerstone of secular liberty) there must be the play of forces for good and evil. The roots of human error do not go as deep as the source of human wisdom. But those things which threaten the existence of a good world have burrowed well beneath the surface. They cannot be rooted out with a few neatly chosen words, no matter how aptly chosen. And I have come to believe that the forces which endanger the free man and the free worshipper are not to be torn up by high explosives or bombs dropped from guns. War can scar the face of the earth most hideously but there is no surgery by the sword capable of getting to the seat of deep-seated afflictions.

In some quarters of the world freedom has been snatched from peoples. But there are other lands in which men and women, without much protest, have handed over their liberties. And if they have done that we must know why. It may be that in some cases Christian action has lagged. Peace on earth and loving one's neighbor have not been put forward with full force. Millions have been allowed to sink into living standards which have made the way of the demagogue and the dictator easy. Man does not live by bread alone, but deprivation of necessities may kill instead of kindle the fervor of the spirit.

There is no organization so great and powerful for international amity as the Church. There is no other force which has the same responsibility to war against racism and national prejudice. In some cases I suspect that priests have felt it unwise to dwell too much on that essential brotherhood which knows no boundary lines and is not halted by oceans, rivers or mountain chains. There has been, perhaps, the fear that in preaching universal fellow-

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ship the accusation might be made that Catholicity was opposed to the cherishing of true patriotism.

But I do not think that the Church can accept Decatur's slogan as the test of patriotism. To say "My country right or wrong" is to concede that the soul of man can bow to evil for the sake of expediency. That is not patriotism. That is nationalism, which is quite a different and a lesser thing. Christ is the king of the Christian in all lands. Man cannot accept a surrogate or embrace the heresy that in the brotherhood of the faith there are petty princes competent to preach a culture which supersedes the way of life which comes from God. HEYWOOD BROUN.

Books of the Week

A Handful of Fiction

Look Away! by George N. Shuster. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS IS the kind of story that might easily have become a picture-book romance, for the heroine is an exceedingly pretty and delightful young woman, and the scene of the action is the naturally beautiful and historically fascinating country of southwestern Wisconsin. It might easily, too, have become the raw-bone type of physiological and neurological anatomy that resolves all life into an endurance test for character and reader alike, because it involves not only the crudities and the heterogeneities of frontier life, but also the growing tensions that will shortly break into civil war. It is the basic distinction of "Look Away!" that availing itself of the resources of both types, it yields to the limitations of neither.

It is a singularly balanced and sane picture of human life lived under conditions of unusual opportunity and of grave challenge alike. The main character of the story, Edith, in her generosity, high spirits and charm, comes close to being the ideal young girl, and yet she has enough salt, enough mischief and, on occasion, absurdity to make her a living human being. Her dead father has left her relatively wealthy for that region, and the place of the dead mother has been taken by a wise and devoted aunt. She marries a very handsome and courageous and intelligent young man, a fine enough and interesting enough young man to deserve her, and their love blooms and their life prospers. It might have been another lived-happily-ever-after story of the type that the Victorians so loved to give to young members of the more prosperous classes.

But Edith has not known Father Samuel for nothing. It is in a very simple and homely guise that she has come to know that extraordinary personality, so compact of infectious holiness and of versatile capacity, and it is with a young girl's measure that she first receives his abundance. But she has the capacity of growth in her, both for mind and heart, and that is enough. This does not mean that in her treatment of her young husband she is not sometimes blind, even perverse, but she can be counted upon always to get the right of any situation and to meet its demands with high generosity and courage. Even the terrible division of conscience that follows her husband's departure to join what she believes to be the morally wrong side in the war and that intensifies for her the inevitable hardship and anguish of the times comes at last to strengthen and consolidate the very love it had at first so sorely strained.

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It is a good thing for all of us, when we have hardly recovered from the disillusionment of one war experience and are beginning to feel the moral tensions of another, to be so reminded that there are some things in human nature that are deeper than illusion, and some possibilities in human life that are beyond the caprice of external circumstance. That the reminder should be given with such richness of detail of natural environment and of social setting, and with such unfailing sympathy and gusto, puts us very pleasantly as well as profitably in the debt of a writer to whom we are already indebted on so many counts.

HELEN C. WHITE.

Tommy Gallagher's Crusade, by James T. Farrell. New York: Vanguard Press. $1.00.

THIS is a well-formed short story in James Farrell's familiar, staccato prose, here issued as a small volume. Its appearance at this time gives it a topical, as well as general, significance, as it delineates bolshevism, which finds its outlet in the sadistic cruelty of anti-Semitism. Tommy Gallagher is a frustrated being. His lack of personal direction and his laziness and failures are all emphasized and driven home to him by the contrast of his industrious brothers. It is pitifully understandable, therefore, that he should ignorantly grope for an outlet for his unrealizable desire for importance in fields other than those of legitimate work, in which his brothers excel. So we find him in the "Christian American Party" selling "Father Moylan's Christian Justice," attending inflammatory meetings, picketing and indulging in the rioting and petty persecution of Jews, which he, sub-consciously, hopes will satisfy his desire to be an important figure in life. The derision of his brothers and the forbearing, patient counsel of his father and mother only increases his self-commiserating feeling of being misunderstood at home. With another, and less actively Catholic, background he might have sought release for his ego by becoming one of the rank and file Communists.

The pathos of his ignorant striving to impress his family with the importance of his activities emerges in the book with unaccentuated reality. Tommy is the dark, sullen figure in a family portrait that has about it the hard, clear tenderness of an Hans Holbein painting. The physical description the author gives of the father and mother I have forgotten, but they both remain in my mind's eye in their patience and innate nobility, as if they were persons well known to me. No greater tribute can be offered to the natural sincerity of the author's view and treatment of his characters than this continuing sense of reality. The book takes the Gallagher family through a few episodes of the struggle with Tommy, who is a sore treat to all of them, and then leaves him to the contempt of his brothers and the impartial fairness and hopefulness of his father and mother. There is no conclusive ending, but then life has few of such endings in it.

BARRY BYRNE.

I, John, by Rex Miller. Hollywood: George P. Putnam, Inc. $2.50.

THE AUTHOR, according to the preface, places his pen in the hand of Saint John. The Beloved Apostle is made to record an "autobiography" of his life, the people and places of the New Testament.

Though the title and technique a bit dismay the reader, the book is of general interest insofar as it gives an excellent sequence of events from the birth of Christ to Calvary, and onward to the turn of the first century. This latter

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feature is of value because so much of our New Testament information and inspiration halts with Good Friday.

The author has succeeded in welding together a well written story, harmonizing the many events witnessed by Saint John, who is revealed as a man's man, and not the effeminate creature so many artists give us.

The technique of making the saint speak in an autobiographical manner makes much of the story move along the narrow path between history and apocrypha. It is a dangerous path, and Catholic interest is chilled by the appearance of the grisly error about the Virgin Mother having borne sons other than the Saviour. The author names four sons. This is, I believe, at least two up on the usual version of the error, and certainly adds nothing to the story other than giving rise to much controversy in the minds of many readers. In the Last Supper scene we rather expect some stress on the sacrificial and sacerdotal theme, but find that the washing of the Apostles' feet is made the important item. This leads one to surmise that it is not John, but the twentieth century which has taken a turn at pushing the pen.

Withal the book is refreshing reading, and refreshing even in publication, for the publishers are located in Hollywood, and ordinarily we do not associate the autobiography of an apostle with that locale. "I, John" contains a vast amount of scriptural information that is harmonized into a clear sequence of events which might inspire one to reopen the New Testament and read again with added enjoyment the Gospel, the Epistles and the Apocalypse of the still-beloved apostle. LINCOLN F. WHELAN.

The Sea Tower, by Hugh Walpole. New York: Doubleday-Doran. $2.50.

THIS STORY tells of a mother whose warped and insane love for her sons, coupled with a greed for possessions of all kinds, causes her to attempt atrocious assault upon the beautiful wife whom her younger son has brought to the desolate, seaside, family estate in Cornwall. It is a horror story of unnatural relationships, similar to several other of Sir Hugh Walpole's efforts. All of these have suffered from the suspicion of formula-writing, a natural enough suspicion in the reader's mind, for they move along essentially the same fictional path. In each of them the leading character is ominously commonplace, the development obvious and mechanical. This story, in addition to the above faults, is heavily overloaded with sex, and is a thoroughly unpleasant and unimportant exhibit.

J. G. E. HOPKINS.

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The Inner Forum

WITH OPPORTUNITIES for "brick and mortar" expansion still shrinking because of the persistence and cumulative effect of the depression, the Church in the United States is paying increasing attention to the work of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, which held its fifth annual convention in Cincinnati November 4 to 7. According to pre-convention reports the four-day meeting was expected to attract over 5,000 visitors from other localities. About thirty members of the American hierarchy took part in the various meetings.

The theme of the congress this year well expresses its general aims and activities, "The religious instruction of all Catholic children outside of the Catholic school system through parish units of the Confraternity." There was special emphasis on the parish aspect of this work. The scope of the problem is indicated in the estimate that there are 2,000,000 Catholic children today in public schools.

The Confraternity stresses six different approaches to the question of religious instruction. Most important of all is the Sunday school or weekly religious instruction class held throughout the academic year for Catholic children attending public elementary and high schools. An important supplement for this, particularly in rural areas, is the religious vacation school, which is growing in popularity and effectiveness. Another technique for sparsely settled areas is the religious correspondence course.

Other approaches discussed at the conference include religious discussion clubs, such as the hundreds formed in the diocese of Great Falls, Montana, under Confraternity auspices. Much attention was devoted to the possibilities of religious instruction by parents in the home and to the general problem of presenting the Faith to non-Catholics.

In connection with the Confraternity meeting several affiliated organizations held important sessions at Cincinnati. The Catholic Biblical Association of America reported on an important revision of the New Testament in English, the work of twenty-seven distinguished scholars; similar work on the Old Testament has already begun. The Newman Club federation and the Catholic Evidence Guild also held special sessions. There was also a conference on Religious Instruction for the Negro. One of the most interesting topics at the convention was "Religious Instruction to Inmates of Public Detention Institutions."

CONTRIBUTORS

John C. CORT helped found the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists.
Pierre CRABITES was from 1911 to 1936 American judge on the Mixed Tribunal, Cairo, Egypt. He has since been a lecturer on Civil Law at the Louisiana State University. He is the author of many books in the field of history and politics.
John Earle UHLER is in the department of English at Louisiana State University.
Isabella FEY is a New York poet. Two of her narrative poems for children are to be given on the radio in the near future.
Harry McNEILL is assistant professor of philosophy in the School of Education of Fordham University.
Heywood BROUN is a columnist and President of the American Newspaper Guild.
Helen C. WHITE is a member of the English department at the University of Wisconsin, now on a year's leave of absence.
Barry BYRNE is a New York architect.
Rev. Lincoln F. WHELAN is stationed at St. Raphael's, Madison, Wisc.
J. G. E. HOPKINS teaches at Notre Dame of Staten Island.
Sister MARY of the Compassion, O.P., is a religious of the Perpetual Rosary.

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